

In Recital

Danica Clark, Soprano

with

Deborah Armstrong, piano

Mathias Silveira, violin

and Ian Knopke, guitar

Sunday, March 3, 1996 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

Convocation Hall, Arts Building



**Department of Music
University of Alberta**

Program

Un moto di gioja k.579
Das Veilchen k.476
An Chloë k.524

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Les Roses d'Ispahan Op. 39, No. 4
En Priere
Les Berceaux

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

The Salley Gardens

arr. Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

The next market day

words by W.B. Yeats
Ulster melody
arr. Ian Knopke
(b. 1970)

She moved thro' the fair

County Donegal
arr. Ian Knopke

Mathias Silveira, violin
Ian Knopke, guitar

From *The Abduction from the Seraglio*
Durch Zartlichkeit
From *The Marriage of Figaro*
Deh vieni, non tardar

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Un moto di gioja

Das Veilchen

An Chloe

Les Roses d'Ispahan

En priere

If the voice of a child can reach you,
O my father,
Listen to the prayer of Jesus on His knees
Before you.
If you have chosen me to teach your laws,
On the earth,
I will know how to serve you, holy King of
Kings,
O Light!
Place on my lips, o Lord,
The salutary truth,
So that whoever doubts, should with humility
Revere you!
Do not abandon me, give me the gentleness
So necessary,
To relieve the suffering, to alleviate pain,
The misery!
Reveal Yourself to me, Lord, in whom I have
faith
And hope,
I want to suffer for You and die on the Cross,
At calvary!

Les Berceaux

Along the quays, the large ships
Rocked silently by the surge
Do not heed the cradles
Which the hands of the women rock,
But the day of farewells will come,
For the women are bound to weep,
And the inquisitive men
Must dare the horizons that lure them!
And on that day the large ships,
Fleeing from the vanishing port,
Feel their bulk held back
By the soul of the far away cradles.

Durch Zartlichkeit

With tenderness and kindness,
And friendliness and joking,
You win without provoking,
A gentle maiden's heart.
But surely domineering,
and nagging, shouting, sneering,
Will only make us stubborn,
And love and faith depart.

Deh vieni, non tardar

The moment has finally arrived
that I will enjoy without uneasiness
being in the arms of my idol.
Timid fears, leave from my breast,
and do not come to disturb my delight.
Oh, how it seems that to the amorous fire
the pleasantness of the place
the earth and the sky respond,
as the night assits my deceptions!
Ah, come, do not delay, O beautiful joy,
come where for pleasure love summons you,
while the moon does not yet shine in the sky,
while it is still dark.
Here murmurs the brook, here plays the breeze
that with the sweet whisper of the hearts restores;
here smile the little fowers and the grass is fresh;
the pleasures of love here, everything entices,
Come, my darling, among these trees, hidden.
Come, come! I wish to crown your forehead
with roses.